

TOM TYLER

AND

His Wife.

AN EXCELLENT OLD

PLAY,

AS

It was *Printed* and *Acted* about a  
hundred Years ago.

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*The second Impression.*

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LONDON,

Printed in the Year. 1661.

1590.

*isolated  
&  
Perfect.  
P.H.K. 1790.*

### The names of the Players.

*Destinie*, A sage Parson.

*Desire*, The Vice.

*Tom Tyler*, A labouring Man.

*Strife*, *Tom Tylers* Wife.

*Sturdie*, A Gossip.

*Typple*, An Ale-wife.

*Tom Tayler*, An Artificer..

*Patience*, A sage Parson.

¶ THE PROLOGUE.

**M**Y dutie first in humble wise fulfill'd;  
 I humbly come, as humbly as I am will'd,  
 To represent, and eke to make report,  
 That after me you shall hear merrie sport.  
 To make you joy and laugh at merrie toyes,  
 I mean a play set out by prettie boyes.  
 Whereto we crave your silence and good will,  
 To take it well: although he wanted skill  
 That made the same so perfectly to write,  
 As his good will would further and it might.  
 The effect whereof it boots not to recite,  
 For presently yee shall have it in sight.  
 Nor in my head such cunning doth consist,  
 They shall themselves declare it as they list.  
 But my good will I promised them to do,  
 Which was to come before to pray of you,  
 To make them room, and silence as you may,  
 Which being done, they shall come in to play.

Here entreth in Destinie and Desire.



**D**Represent the part that men report,  
 To be a plague to men in many a sort.  
 Destinie. I am, which as your Proverbs go,  
 In wedding or hanging am taken for a so,  
 Where as indeed the truth is nothing so.  
 Be it well or ill as all things hap in fine,  
 The praise or dispraise ought not to be mine.  
 Desire. I am glad I met you,  
 Destinie. Whither set you?  
 Desire. I set I tell you true, to seek and see you,  
 To tell you such newes, as I cannot chuse.  
 Destinie. I pray you what is that?  
 Desire. Sirra know you not Tom Tyler your man?  
 Destinie. Yes Harry, what than?  
 Desire. He made sute to me, his friend for to be,  
 To get him a wife, to lead a good life.  
 And so I consented, and was well contented,



To help him to woo, with all I could do.  
And married he is.

Destinie. But what for all this ?

Desire. Marry that shall you know, his wife is a Whore,  
And I hear tell, she doth not use him well.

Wherefore he speaks shame of thee and my name.

Destinie. If you so framed, to have your name blamed,  
Or your deeds be noughtie, what am I faultie ?

I know no cause why ;

Desire. No more do I.

I did my good will, and though he sped ill,  
I care not a flie.

Destinie. Let them two trie.

They match as they can, the wife and good man,  
In wealth or in wo, as matters do go.

And let us not mind, their lot to unbind,  
But rather forget them.

Desire. Marry so let them.

For as for my part, though it long to my Art  
Pens hearts to inflame, their fancie to frame  
When they have obtained, I am not constrained  
To do any more.

Destinie. Content thee therefore,  
And let thy heart rest, for so it is best.  
And let us away, as fast as we may,  
For fear he come to you.

Desire. Marry have with you. Here they both go in.

¶ Tom Tyler commeth in singing.

*The Proverb reporteth, no man can deny,  
That wedding and hanging is destiny.*

A Song. **I** Am a poore Tyler in simple aray,  
And get a poore living, but eight pence a day,  
My wife as I get it, doth spend it away ;  
And I cannot help it, she saith ; wot ye why,  
For wedding and hanging is destiny.  
I thought when I wed her, she had been a sheep,  
At boord to be friendly, to sleep when I sleep.  
She loves so unkindly, she makes me to weep ; But



Tom Tyler and his Wife.

3

But I dare say nothing god wot, wot ye why?

For wedding and hanging is destiny.

Besides this unkindnesse whereof my grief grows,

I think few Tylers are matcht with such blows;

Before she leaves brawling, she falls to deal blows

Which early and late doth cause me cry,

That wedding and hanging is destiny.

The more that I please her, the worse she doth like me,

The more I forbear her, the more she doth strike me,

The more that I get her the more she doth glke me;

Who worth this ill Fortune that maketh me crie

That wedding and hanging is destiny.

If I had been hanged when I had been married,

My torments had ended, though I had miscarried;

If I had been warned, then would I have tarried;

But now all to lately I feel and crie,

That wedding and hanging is destiny.

The song ended, Tom Tyler speaketh

T. Tiler. You see with what fashion I plead my passions;

By marrying of Strife, which I chose to my wife,

To leade such a life, with sorrow and grief,

As I tell you true, is to bad for a Jew.

She hath such skill, to do what she will,

To gossip and to swill, when I fare but ill.

I must work sore, I must get some more,

I must still send it, and she will still spend it,

I pray God amend it, but she doth not intend it.

What should I say, but bid her away,

And do my work duly, where I am paid truly?

For if my wife come, up goeth my bonnet,

And she should come hither, and we met together,

I know we shall fight, and eke scratch and bite.

I therefore will go bid her, and to my work pte me,

As fast as I can.

Here Tom Tyler goeth in, and his wife cometh out.

Strife. Alasse silly man;

What a husband have I, as light as a flea?

I leap and I skip, I carry the whip,

And

And I bear the bell; If he please me not well,  
 I will take him by the pole, by cocks precious soul  
 I will make him to toil, when I laugh and smile;  
 I will fare of the best, I will sit and take rest,  
 And make him to find all things to my mind.  
 And yet sharp as the wind, I will use him unkind,  
 And fain my self sick; there is no such trick,  
 To dolt with a Daw, and keep him in awe.  
 I will teach him to know the way to Dunmoe.  
 At board and at bed, I will crack the knaves head,  
 If he look but awry, or cast a sheeps eye:  
 So shall I be sure, to keep him in ure,  
 To serve like a knave, and live like a slave.  
 And in the mean season, I will have my own reason;  
 And no man to controule me, to pil or to pole me,  
 Which I love of life.

Sturdie. God speed gossip Strife. Sturdie entreth.

Strife. Well met Goodwife Sturdie, both welcom and  
 And ever I thank ye. worthe

Sturdie. I pray you go prank ye,  
 We are dew old huddle.

Strife. The Pigs in the puddle.  
 But now welcome indeed, and ye be agreed,  
 Let us have some chat.

Sturdie. Marry why nat?  
 For I am come hither, to gossip together,  
 For I drank not to day.

Strife. So I hear say.  
 But I tell you true, I thought not of you,  
 Yet the ale-wife of the Swan, is filling the Can,  
 With spice that is fine, and part shall be thine,  
 If that thou wilt carrie.

Sturdie. Why, yes by Saint Mary;  
 Else were I a fool.

Tip. Marrie here is good rule. *Here entreth Tipple, with a  
 pot in her hand, and a piece  
 of Bacon.*  
 A sight of good guesse.

Strife. Never a one lesse, now Tipple is come.

Tipple. And here is good burn, I dare boldly say.  
 Sturdie.



Sturdie. Why had not I some of this tother day ?

Tipple. Make much of it now, and glad that ye may.  
Come, where shall we sit ? and here is a bit  
Of a Gammon of Bacon.

Strife. Well said by Aaron.  
Sit down even here, and fall to it there :  
I would it were better for ye ;  
As long libes a merry heart as a sozrie.

Tipple. Where is Tom Tiler now, where is he ?

Strife. What carest thou where a dolt should be.  
And where is your good man ?

Tipple. Forsooth nought at home, he is abroad for pence.

Sturdie. Well, I had need to go hence,  
Least my good man do misse me.

Strife. I would teach him John come kisse me,  
If the dolt were mine.

Sturdie. Alas are you so fine !

Would God in all your chere, Tom Tiler saw you here ;

Strife. What and if he did ?

Tipple. Marrie God forbid, the house would be too hot,

Strife. Now by this pewter pot,  
And by this drinke I will drinke now,  
God knows what I thinke now.

Sturdie. What thinke you Gossyp Strife ? !

Strife. I had rather then my life,  
My husband would come hither,  
That we might busk together,  
We should see how I could tame him.

Tipple. Alas, and could ye blame him,  
If that he were displeased ?

Strife. He shall be soon appeased,  
If either he gaspeth or glometh.

*Tom Tiler  
cometh in.*

Sturdie. By gods blew hood he cometh.  
Away, by the Masse away, he will us all else fray.

Tom. These summer dales be verie drie.

Strife. Yea, that is a devil a lie.

A knave, what dost thou here ?

Tom. Ich should have a pot of beer, & go to woꝝk again.  
Strife.



Strife. Pea knave, shall honest men  
Go hire thee by the day, and thou shalt go away,  
To loyter to and fro? I will teach thee so; to know  
How fast the houtes go. One, two, and three.

T. Tiler. I pray thee let be.

*She beateth him.*

Strife. Four, five and six; Lord, that I had some sticks,  
I would clapper claw thy bones,  
To make you tell your stones,  
The worse while I know you;

T. Tiler. Good wife I bespew you;  
I pray you leave tumbling.

Strife. Pea knave are you mumbling?  
Hence ye knave hence, bring me home pence,  
Afore ye go to bed, or I will break your knaves head,  
Till the blood go about.

T. Tiler. Now our Lord keep me out, *Tom Tiler goeth out.*  
From this wicked wife.

Sturdie. Why, how now Strife? here is prettie rule;

Strife. Hold your peace fool, it is no news for me;  
Let this talk be, and fall to your chere.

Tipple. Here is good beer, quaff and be merrie.

Strife. I am half wearie with chiding already.

Sturdie. Keep your brains reddie,  
And fall to your drinking.

Tipple. Nay fall to singing, and let us go dance.

Strife. By my troth chance, and let us begin,  
Rise up gossips, and I will bring you in.

¶ Here they sing.

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler,  
More mortar for Tom Tiler.*

**A**s many as match themselves with shrowes, *Strife*  
Nay hap to carrie away the blowes, *singeth this staff.*

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

As many a Tyde both ebs and flows,  
So many a misfortune comes and goes,

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

Though

*Tipple singeth  
this staffe.* **Though Tilers clime the house to tile,  
They must come down another while,**

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

**Though many a one do seem to smile,  
When Geese do wink, they mean some gile,**

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

*Sturdie singeth  
this staffe.* **Though Tom be stout, and Tom be strong,  
Though Tom be large, and Tom be long,**

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

**Tom hath a wife will take no wrong,**

**But teach her Tom another song.**

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

*Here they end singing,  
and Tipple speaketh.*

**Tipple. Alas poore Tom, his Cake is down.**

**Sturdie. We may see what it is to meet with a down.  
And now we have song this merry fit,  
Let us now leave gossiping yet,**

**Strife. Hold your peace soles, ye have no wit  
Fill in and spare not, I will in, I care not.**

**This drink is ipse, to make us all tipsie.  
And now gossip Sturdie, if I may be so worthy,  
Halt this I drink to you.**

**Sturdie. The headache will sting you, I fear me anon,  
Therefore let us be gone, I heartily pray you.**

**Strife. Tipple, What say you, will you drink no more?**

**Tipple. I have tippled soze I promise you plain,  
Yet once and no more, have at you again.**

**Strife. Ho, pray God, ho.**

**Sturdie. So, So, So, So.**

*Here they sing again.*

*Another Song.*

*The Mill a, the Mill a,  
So merily goes the mery Mill a.*

**L**et us slip, and let it slip,  
And go which way it will a,

**B**

**Let**

Let us trip, and let us skip,  
 And let us drinke our fill a.  
 Take the cup, and drinke all up,  
 Give me the can to fill a:  
 Every sup, and every cup,  
 Hold here, and my good will a.  
 Gossip mine, and Gossip thine,  
 Now let us Gossip still a:  
 Here is good wine, this Ale is fine,  
 Now drinke of which you will a.  
 Round about, till all be out,  
 I pray you let us still a:  
 This jelly grout, is jelly and stout;  
 I pray you stout it still a.  
 Let us laugh, and let us quaff;  
 Good drinkers think none ill a:  
 Here is your bag, here is your stasse,  
 Be packing to the mill a.

Here they end singing, and Tipple speaketh first.

Tipple. So merily goes the merie mill a;

Hold, here is my can.

Sturdie. Nay I besh; ow my hart than;

I must depart, therefore adew.

Strife. Then farrie and take us all with you.

Come Gossips, come.

Here they go all in, and  
Tom Tiler cometh out:

T. Tiler. I am a tiler as you see, a simple man of my de-

(grace,

Yet many have need of me, to keep them clean and drye;

And specially in the Summer time

To pin their tiles, and make their lime,

And tile their houses to keep out rain,

Being well rewarded for my pain.

And where I work by week or day,

I truly earn it and they truly pay;

I would desire no better life;

Except



Except that God would change my wife.

If she were gone, and I were free,

What tiler then were like to me?

For howsoever I travel, he uses me like a Javel,

And goeth from house to house, as drunk as a mouse;

Gibing and granting, checking and taunting,

Wragging and vaunting, flouting and flaunting.

And when I come home, she makes me a mome;

And cuts my comb, like a hop on my thomb,

With contrary biting too dear of reciting.

But this is the end, if I could get a friend

Some council to give me, you would not believe me

How glad I would be.

Enter Tom Tayler.

T. Tiler. The wiser man he, Tom. Tiler how now?

T. Tiler. Tom Tayler, how dost thou?

Tayler. After the old sort, in mirth and jolly sport,

Tayler-like I tell you.

T. Tyler. Ah sirra I smell you.

You have your hearts ease, to do what you please,

But I have heard tell, that you have the hell.

Tayler. Parrie that is well. But what if I have?

T. Tiler. May not I crave one friendly good turn,

While the fire doth burn, to put my wife to such ill fare?

Tayler. In faith I do not care.

But what meanest thou by this?

T. Tiler. To live in some blisse, and be rid of my wife.

Tayler. Why are you at strife, what is the cause?

T. Tiler. When I come in her claws,

She guides me for ever; but help me now or never,

As I told thee before,

Put her in hell, and I care for no more.

Tayler. Why foolish knave, what hell should I have?

With a wild evil am I a Devil?

Thou art out of thy wit.

T. Tiler. No hum say not yet, though I am vext with a

(At

Of a liberal wife, that will shorten my life.

And thou be no devil, take it not evil;  
For I heard tell, that thou hast a hell.  
And I have a wife, so devilish in strife,  
Which cannot do well, and therefore meet for hell,  
When here to remain.

Tayler. If the matter be so plain;  
When what wilt thou say, if I find the way  
By words to intreat her, and after to beat her  
If she will not be ruled.

T. Tiler. She is so well schooled with so many blowes  
To receive any blowes, never think so.

Tayler. If she be such a blow, something at her throw.  
Stand to it foolish calf, I will be thy half.  
What will she fight?

T. Tiler. Psea her fingers be very light  
And that do I find, her checks be so unkind.  
Alwayes and ever, she is pleased never,  
But fuming and fretting, buffeting and beating;  
Of this my silly costard.

Tayler. A hooson dookard. And what dost thou than?

T. Tiler. Like a poor man,  
Desiring her gently to let me live quietly.

Tayler. No w of mine honestie I like thee the better.  
And wouldest thou let her?

T. Tiler. Psea, and so would you, I tell you true,  
If you were in my case.

Tayler. Say then by Gods grace,  
I will prove by your leave, if she can me deceive  
By any such sort, ye shall see a good sport.  
Put off thy coat and all thy apparel;  
And for thy quarrel I will make speed.  
And put on thy weed, come on and unray thee.

T. Tiler. And what now I pray thee.

Tayler. Come give me the rest.

T. Tiler. I wene you do jest. What mean you by this?

Tayler. No harm sir I wis,  
Now get me a cudgel, this is wondrous well,  
Now am I well armed if now I be harmed,



Tom Tyler and his Wife.

II

I may chance to beguile her, for beating Tom Tiler;  
 Now Thomas my friend, this is the end;  
 You say your wife will fight, her fingers be so light;  
 If she have such delight, I will conjure the sprite,  
 If he come nêr, while I tarrie here.  
 Therefore stand by, and when thou hearest me crie,  
 Come help me to cheer me.

T. Tiler. Nay I must not come nêr thêe, Here Tom Tiler  
goeth in a while.  
 Be certain of that.

Tayler. Well if you will not, make no more debating.

Strife. Ye knave are ye prating? Enter Strife.

When you should be at work, do you loiter and lurk?  
 Take that for your labour.

Tayler. Pay faith by your labour I will pay you again,  
 There is for me to requite your pain.

Strife. Ye knave are you striking?

Tayler. Ye whoze, are ye gréeking?

Strife. In faith ye knave I will cool you.

Tayler. In faith ye whoze I will rule you.

Strife. Ye knave are ye so fresh?

Tayler. Ye whooze I will plague your flesh.

Strife. And I will displease thêe a little better;

Tayler. And in faith I will not die thy debtor.

How now, how like you your match?

Strife. As I did ever, even like a Patch.

Ah knave, wilt thou strike thy wife?

Tayler. Ye marrie, I love this gear alive.

Strife. Hold thy hand, and thou be a man.

Tayler. Kneel down and ask me forgiveness then.

Strife. Ah whoozon knave my bones is soze.

Tayler. Ah unhappie whoze; do so then no more.

Strife. I pray thêe be still, thou shalt have thy will.

I will do so no more, I am sorrie therefore.

I will never more strike, nor profer the like,

Alas I am killed.

Tayler. Nay thou art illwilled as thou hast been e.

(ver.

But



But trouble me neber, I advise thee again.

For I will brain thee then.

Now praise at thy parting.

Strife. Who worth overwharting that ever I knew,

I am beaten so blew, and my gall is all burst.

I thought at the first he had been a dolt.

But I bylded a Colt of a contrarie hare,

Soure sauce is now my chear.

Therefore I will away, for I get nought by this play;

And get me to bed, and dresse up my head.

I am so sore beaten with blowes. He fireth in.

Tayler. It is hard matching with shrowes.

I see well enough the Damsel was tough,

And loth for to bend. But I think in the end

I made her to bow. But where is Tom now?

That he may know how all matters do stand.

T. Tiler enters. T. Tiler. Here sir at hand. Now now

(Tom Tayler?)

Tayler. Much ado to quail her.

But I believe my girds do her grieve,

I dare be bold, she longs not to scold,

For use her old sport, in such devilish sort;

T. Tiler. I pray thee why so?

Tayler. I have made her so wo, so black and so blew,

I have changed her hew and made her to bend;

That to her lives end she will never offend

In word nor in deed. Therefore now take heed

She strike thee no more.

T. Tiler. Ich will stroke thee therefore;

And Tom God a merey.

Tayler. She looked at the verrie at her first coming in,

And so did begin with solozing of showes,

And fell to fair blowes.

But then I behide me, and she never spide me;

What I was I am sure. Therefore get thee to her;

And get thee to bed, whatsoever is said.

And care not a straw, for thou hast her in awe.

She

3

She is so well beaten, she dare not once threaten,  
For give thee any ill word at bed and at board,  
But grunting and groning, thou shalt find her moaning  
Her piteous case with a saint Johns face,  
A warrant well painted, for I stroke till she fainted,  
And paid her for all eber,  
Till she said she would never be churlish again.

T. Tiler. Let me alone with my damsel then;  
And if I be able, without any fable  
I will quit thee.

Taylor. If she crossebite thee,  
Hence forth evermore, beswinge her therefore,  
And keep her up short, from all her old sport.  
And she will not be ruled, let her be coled:

T. Tiler. But I dare say, she will think of this day,  
All her life long.

Taylor. Shall we have then a good song,  
For joy of this glée betwixt her and thee?

T. Tiler. By my troth if you will, I shall fulfil  
As much as I can.

Taylor. Let us sing than  
The tying of the Mare, that went out of square.

T. Tiler. By my troth any you dare, go to begin.

Here they sing.

*Tie, tie, tie the mare, tie,  
Lest she stray from thee away;  
Tie the mare Tomboy.*

Tom Tiler singeth.

**T**Om might be merrie, and well might fare,  
But for the haltering of his Mare,  
Which is so wicked to sing and ste,  
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tiler singeth.

Blame not Thomas if Tom be sick,  
His mare doth prounce, his mare doth kick;

She



She snorts and holds her head so hie,  
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tiler singeth.

If Tom crie hayt, oz Tom crie hoe,  
His mare will straight giue Tom a bloe.  
Where she doth bait, Tom shall able.

Go tie thy mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tayler singeth.

Tom if thy mare do make such sport,  
I giue thee counsel to keep her short.  
If she be coltish, make her to crie.

Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Here they end singing, and Tom Tayler first speaketh.

Tayler. Well now to your charge,  
Let her run no more at large.  
But now she is so well framed,  
If she do ill you must be blamed,  
Therefore take heed heed.

T. Tiler. Yes that I will indeed.  
And I thank you for your pain,  
As I am bound I tell you plain.

Tayler. Well Thomas fare you well, *Tom Taylor goeth in.*  
Till you come where I do dwell.

T. Tiler. Ah Arra this is trim, that my wife is coold  
(by him,

I marvel how she took the matter;  
And how she will look when I come at her;  
And whether she be well oz sick;  
For my part I doe not sick  
To do my dutie as I ought,  
Yet will I ne ver die for thought,  
I will go hie me home.

*Tom Tyler goeth in.*

Here entereth Sturdie and Tipple.

Sturdie. Farewell good honest home.

Tipple



Tipple, How likest thou this match?  
 Wouldst thou have thought the Patch,  
 Would have beat his wife so black and blew from top to  
 (toe

Being such a simple fool?

Tipple. Wellke he hath learned in a new school  
 Whereat I cannot chuse but laffe,  
 He still how eateth up all the drasse.  
 Beware of such wily Pies.

Sturdie. But she, an she be wise,  
 Will seek some way to rook him.

Tipple. It is too late to break him, if now he get the  
 (better.

Sturdie. If she can do so, let her;  
 I dare be bold to say, she will do what she may.  
 Lo here she cometh creeping,  
 Alas for wo and weeping,  
 The truth will now appear.

Enter Strife fair and  
 softly, wailing and  
 weeping.

Strife. Alas and well away.

Strife. How ill have I been used, my bones be all to  
 (bruised.

My flesh is plagued with, and my head is wounded with.  
 My arms be back and blew, and all my sides be new.

Sturdie. Though all this be with you Gossip, discom-  
 (fort never.

Tipple. He watched ye once for ever.  
 But trust his hands no more.

Strife. Alas I am so sore,  
 I can neither stand nor sit, but am beside my wit;  
 And never well apaid, till that I may be laid  
 To ease me on my bed.

Sturdie. Bind this about your head.  
 And hardly lay you down, we must into the town;  
 And after that, surely then we will come to you again;  
 And I pray you be of good cheer.

Tipple. I am sorrie to see you here  
 In such unhappie case, but take some heart of grace,

C

God

Good Gossip I pray you,

Strife. Alas neighbours, I stay you  
From your businesse perhaps, but I will take a nap,  
If I can where I lie.

Sturdie. When we will see you again by and by.

*Sturdie and Tipple goeth out, and Tom Tiler cometh in.*

T. Tiler. I heard say my wiffe is abominable sick,  
Indeed she was beat with an unhappie stick,  
Gods, look where she lies, close with her eyes,  
That is well said I will get me to bed,  
And lay me hard by her, and yet not too nee her,  
For feare I awake her, a good yeare take her,  
For using me so.

Strife. Out alas, O, O,  
My bones, my bones, fall in peeces at ones, !  
Alas, alas, I die. O husband, husband why,  
Why have you done so? I was never your foe,  
So much as you make me, and so you may take me,  
If I have you offended, it shall be amended.  
Alas wherefore should ye beate me a so soare?

T. Tyler. You would be still never, but buffet me,  
(ever,

And Gossip at will, when I must work still.  
And take ill your pleasure, and braul without measure  
And now you may see, as the old sayings bee,  
God sendeth now, short hornes to a curst Cow.  
I come home merrily, when you sit verely  
Lowing and pouting, knowing and lowting.  
And I was your noddie, as much as no body.

Strife. Alas what than, you being a man,  
Should beare with my folly, and you being holty,  
Might counsel me, tho not beating me so.  
I thought I should find, you loving and kinde,  
And not of this minde.

For us to war foes, for such cruel blowes,  
I tell you plaine, I married my bane,

When



Tom Tyler and his Wife.

17

When I married thee, as far as I see.

T. Tiler. ~~W~~ife I am sorrye, this ill is befallne ye.  
But I tell you true, the fault was in you.  
For till this day, I dare boldlye say,  
I never did proffer you such an offer;  
It was your owne seeking.

Strife. I bestrew such striking.  
So close by the ribs, you may strike your ribs  
So, well enough.

T. Tiler. This rage and this ruffe  
Speed not to be, wife if ye love me,  
Let us agree, in love and amitie,  
And do so no more, I am sorrye therefore.  
I take God to my judge, that ever this grudge,  
Should happen to be, between you and me.

Strife. Alas, I may mone I might have been woone  
With half these strokes, but curstnesse provokes  
Kind hearts to discever, and hatred for ever  
Most commonly growes, by dealing of blowes.  
Therefore blame not me, if I cannot love ye;  
While we two have life.

T. Tiler. By my halpdome ~~W~~ife;  
Because you say so, now shall ye know  
If you will content you, that I do lament you.  
For I will tell you true, When I saw you  
Ever brawling and fighting, and ever crossebiting,  
Which made me still wo, that you should thus do;  
At last hereafter, I complained the matter  
To Tom Tayler my Master, who taking a waster  
Did put on my coat, since ye will needs know it;  
And so being disguised, he interposed  
To come in my stead; and having my wæd  
You pleading your passion after the old fashion;  
Thinking it was I, stroke him by and by,  
Then straight did he in stead of me,  
Currie your bones, as he said for the nones,  
To make you obey.

Strife. Is it even so as you say?  
 Gods sith you knave, did you send such a slave  
 To rebenge your quarrel in your apparel?  
 Thou shalt abide as dearlie as I.  
 I thought by this place, thou hadst not the face  
 To beat me so soze. Have at thee once moze.  
 I now war fresh co plague a knaves flesh  
 That hath so plagued me, for everie blow thee.  
 Be sure I will pay you, till you do as I would have you.  
 Ah whozson Dolt thou whozson subtle Colt;  
 Son of an Ore, how like you your knocks?  
 The pils and the por, and the poison in her  
 Consume such a knave, and bring him to grave.  
 The Crows and the Pies, and the verte flesh flies  
 Desire to plague thee. In faith I will plague thee.

T. Tiler. O wife, wife, I pray thee save my life.  
 You hurt me ever, I hurted you never,  
 For Gods sake content thee.

Strife. Nay thou shalt repent thee.  
 That ever Tom Tayler, that Ruffian and railer  
 Was set to beat me, he had better he had eat me;  
 I hope for to find some tosser so kind  
 To carrie that knave, for the old gradge I have,  
 As now I do thee; there is one moze for me.  
 Knée down on your knée, you hoddie doddée;  
 I will make you to stoop though you set cock on hoope  
 For joy of Tom Tayler, that he could beguile her.  
 Take that for her sake, some mirth for to make,  
 Like an asse as you be.

T. Tiler. Why should you strike me  
 For another mans fault?

Strife. Because thou art naught,  
 And he a vile knave.

Enter Sturdie  
 and Tipple.

Sturdie. What more can ye have?  
 Enough is enough, as good as a feast.

Strife. He shall bear me one cuff yet moze like a beast.

Tipple. Gossip content thee, and strike him no moze.  
 T. Tiler.



Tom Tyler and his Wife.

19

T. Tiler. All the world wonders upon her theresoze.

Sturdie. Away neighbour Thomas out of her sight.

T. Tiler. Alas she hath almost kild me out right.

I will rather die then see her again. *Go in T. Tiler.*

Strife. I promise you. I have a great losse then,

How like ye now this last overthwarting?

It is an old saying, praise at the parting.

I think I have made the Cullion to wzing.

I was not beaten so black and blew,

But I am sure he has as many new.

My heart is well eased, and I have my wish,

This chafing hath made me as whole as a fish.

And now I dare boldly be merrie again.

Sturdie. By saint Mary you are the happier then.

My neighbour and I, might hap to abide,

If we should so do, as he suffereth you;

But me commend you.

Strife. I can now intend you,

To laugh and to quaff, and lay down my staff,

To dance or to sing.

Tipple. There were no such thing, after this madness.

Sturdie. And ye say it in sadness,

Let us set in, on a merrie pin.

The storie of the strife, between Tom and his wife,

As well as we can.

Strife. Shall I begin then to set you both in?

For I can best do it,

Sturdie. Now I pray thee go to it.

Here they sing.

Hey derie, hoe derie, hey derie dan,

The Tylers wife of our Town,

Hath beaten her good man.

A Song.

**T**Om Tiler was a trifeler,  
And fain would have the skill

To

To practise with Tom Tayler,  
 To break his Wives will.  
 Tom Tayler got the victorie,  
 Till Tylers Wite did knowe,  
 It was a point of subtiltie;  
 Then Tom was beat for wo.  
 Thomas Tilers Wite said evermore  
 I will full merrie make,  
 And neber trust a man no more  
 For Thomas Taylers sake.  
 But if Tom Tiler give a stroke,  
 Perhaps if he be stout,  
 He shall then have his coward broke,  
 Till blood go round about.  
 Though some be sheep, yet some be shrowes,  
 Let them be fools that lust:  
 Tom Tilers wite will take no blows,  
 No more then needs she must.  
 If Tom be wise, he will beware,  
 Before he make his match,  
 To do no further then he dare,  
 For fear he prove a Patch.  
 Strife. Gossips, godlige for this merrie song;  
 Pray God we may long keep such merrie glee.  
 Sturdie. We marrie say we,  
 God grant all wives, to lead the like lives  
 That you do now.  
 Tipple. I know not how that may come to passe,  
 But by the Masse, god handling doth much.  
 Strife. For a fair touch my will shall not want.  
 Sturdie. Would God I could plant,  
 My eye-lids in such sort, to make such a sport,  
 And live so at ease, to do what I please.  
 Tipple. Allwaies the Seas  
 Be not like mild, but wanton and wild  
 Sometime more higher, then need shall require;  
 So may the hap be with you and with me.

Here they end  
 singing.

Strife.



Strife. Let all this be, for we will agree,  
And let us away, for I dare say,  
Tom Tiler is gone to make his mone,  
After these strokes, like a wise Coaks;  
But all is one.

Sturdie. Come let us be gone it is time for to go.

Tipple. I think it be so; come on, have with you.

Here they go in, and Tom Tayler, Tom Tiler, and Destinie enter.

T. Tiler. If Destinie dybe pooz Tom for to live.  
For eber in strife with such an ill wife;  
When Tom may complain, no more to remain  
Here on the earth, but rather with death.  
For this is too bad.

Tayler. Why, how now my lad, what news with thee?

T. Tiler. In faith as ye see.

After the old fashion, pleading on passion

If Fortune will it, I must fulfil it.

If Destinie say it, I cannot deny it.

Destinie. For I cannot stay it.

For when thou wast born, thy luck was forlozn.

Wherefore content thee, and never repent thee.

T. Tayler. I cannot lament thee.

For I am sure you know, I charmed your throte,

With such cruel blowes, by the faith that now goes  
I thought she would die.

T. Tiler. When happie were I.

Tayler. And a good cause why,

But you may now go for bacon to Dunmo.

T. Tiler. Yet fain would I know, of Destinie now;

How long and how my life shall it passe.

Tayler. Why foolish asse, that were but a follie.

For he is too hollie to tell any news.

Destinie. I do not use, to tell oze a strike,

I suddenly gleek, oze men be aware.

Tayler. When I can declare if I look in thy hand,  
How thy fortune will stand. Hold forth thy fist.

T. Tiler.

T. Tiler. Here, do what ye list.

Tayler. By my troth I wist it, and have not mist it.

*He striketh him on the cheek.*

By the sign that here goes, you are boyn to take blowes.

Carrie, let me look again.

Tom Tyler. Pay beſhrew my heart then.

Tayler. Aske Destinie hereby, and I make a lfe.

Destinie. No, you do not indeed.

T. Tyler. When I will change my weed,  
And tyle it no more, if my chance be so sore,  
As you two doe make it.

Destiny. We do not mistake it,  
Whereof be you bold, and this hope you may hold,  
If your fortune bee to hang on a tree,  
If the foot from the ground, ye shall never be drownd.  
So if you be bozne, to hold with the horne,  
How soever your wife set it, you cannot let it.  
And if you leade an ill life, by chance of your wife,  
Take this for verity, all is but your destiny.  
And though your deedes prove naught,  
Yet am I not in fault.

T. Tiler. When let me be taught, how to exchele,  
Such dangers as you, enforce to a man.

Destiny. Yea, but who can instruct you thereon?  
For all is no more then I have said before.  
But howsoever it be, learn this of me,  
If you take it not ill, but with a good will,  
It shall never grieve you.

Tayler. No faith, I believe you,  
That is even all. He that loves thrall,  
It were pittie he should lack it.

T. Tyler. When I must pack it  
Between the coat and the skin,  
As my fortune hath been ever yet in my life,  
Since I am married with Strife,  
Hap good hap, will, hap good, hap evil;  
Even hap as hap may.

Tayler.



Tom Tyler and his Wife.

23

Tayler. That is a wise way.

Never set at thy heart, thy wifes churlish part,

That she sets at her heel, such sorrows to feel.

It would grieve any saint.

*Enter Strife.*

Strife. Take a pencil, and paint your words in a table,  
That the foole may be able to know what to doe.

Desteny. Here is one comes to woo,

By the Masse I will not tary.

*Desteny goeth in.*

Strife. I would it were muscadine for ye,

To stand prating with knaves.

Tayler. Hark how she raves, she longes for a whip.

Strife. He saith good man blabberlip.

You pricklouse knave you have you nothing to do

At home with your shreds? a prayer of wise heads

I promise you you have. But ye a doltish knave,

Come home, or I will fetch you.

Tayler. Now a halter stretch you.

And them that sent you.

*Enter Patience.*

Patience. Good friendes, I pray you content you.

Whence cometh this strife, I pray thee good wife?

Be patient for all.

Strife. And shall the knave haul

And make discord to be, betweene my husband and me.]

Patience. Why so? are you he

That setteth debate, and disposed to prate?

I pray you be still.

Tayler. Parro with a good will.

As God shall save me, I did behave me

As well as might bee, as these folkes did see.

Uill this gigish dame, into this place came

But she is too too bad.

Patience. And I count him mad,

That for any fit, will compare his wif,

And with a foolish woman to wander,

He is as wise as a Gander.

You are too much to blame, and you to for shame,

Leave your old canker, and let your sheet anker

D

Be

We alwayes so hold, where I patience am bold  
 If things hap awry, to fall out by and by,  
 It doth not agree, though Destiny be  
 Unfriendly to some, as he hits all that come,  
 In wealth and in wo, I am sure you know,  
 There would be no strife, betwene man and wiffe  
 And thus my tale endes, I would have you all friends  
 And I would have Tom tayler to be no raylor,  
 Nor Tom taylor to chide, which I cannot abide.  
 Nor his wife for to shew, any pranks of a Crew.

T. Tyler. Ich would god it were so, for I bid the wo.  
 Ich wish it for my part, even with all my heart.  
 For howsoever it goes, I beare the blowes,  
 Which I tell you I like not.

Taylor. Though I chide, I strike not,  
 Your Mastership doth see.

Strife. I beswore his knaves heart, that last stroke me.

Patience. Well once againe let this foolishness be.

And as I told you, so I pray you hold you,  
 For I will not away, till I set such a stay,  
 To make you gree friendly, that now chafe unkindly.  
 Come on Strife I finde, your charlish kinde.  
 You must needes bridle, if it be possible,  
 For els it were vaine, to take any paine.  
 Take Tom by the fist, and let me see him kisse,

Strife. If Patience intreat me,  
 I will though Tom beate me,

T. Tyler. Well wife, I thanke you.

Patience. Say whither away prank you?  
 Tom Tayler also, shall you kisse ere you go,  
 And see you be friends.

Strife. I would he had kisse both the endes.

Taylor. Say, there a hoate coale

Patience. Now see this willow foale.

Be quiet I pray you, for therefore I stay you.  
 And Destiny to thee, thou must also agree,  
 As well as the rest.

Enter Destiny  
 Destiny



Tom Tyler and his Wife.

25

Destenie. I think it so best.

We you agreed all?

All speak. We are, and we shall.

Patience. Then take hands, and take chance,  
And I will lead the dance.

Come sing after me, and loke we agree.

Now speak altogether, except Patience.

Here they sing this Song.

A Song.

**P**atience entreateth good fellows all,  
Where folly beateth to break their bratall,  
Where wills be willfull, and Fortune thall,  
A patient party perswadeth all.

Though strife be surdy to move debate,  
As some unworthy have done of late.  
And he that worst may the candel carry,  
If Patience pray thee, do never vary.

If froward Fortune hap so afozie,  
To make thee marry by Desente,  
If sits unkindly do move thy mood,  
Take all things patiently, both ill and good.

Patience perforce if thou endure,  
It will be better thou mayest be sure,  
In wealth or wo, howsoever it ends,  
Wheresoever ye go, be patient friends.

The end of this Song.

Here they all go in, and one cometh out, and singeth this Song following all alone with instruments, and all the rest within sing between every staffe, the first two lines.

## The concluding Song.

When sorrowes be great, and hap awry,  
Let Reason intreat thee patiently.

## A Song.

**T**hough pinching be a pite pain,  
To want desire that is but vain.  
Though some be curst, and some be kind  
Subdue the worst with patient mind.

Who sits so hie, who sits so low?  
Who feels such joy, that feels no wo?  
When bale is bad, good boot is ny  
Take all adventures patiently.

To marrie a Shep, to marrie a thow,  
To meet with a friend, to meet with a foe,  
These checks of chance can no man ste,  
But God himself that rules the skie.

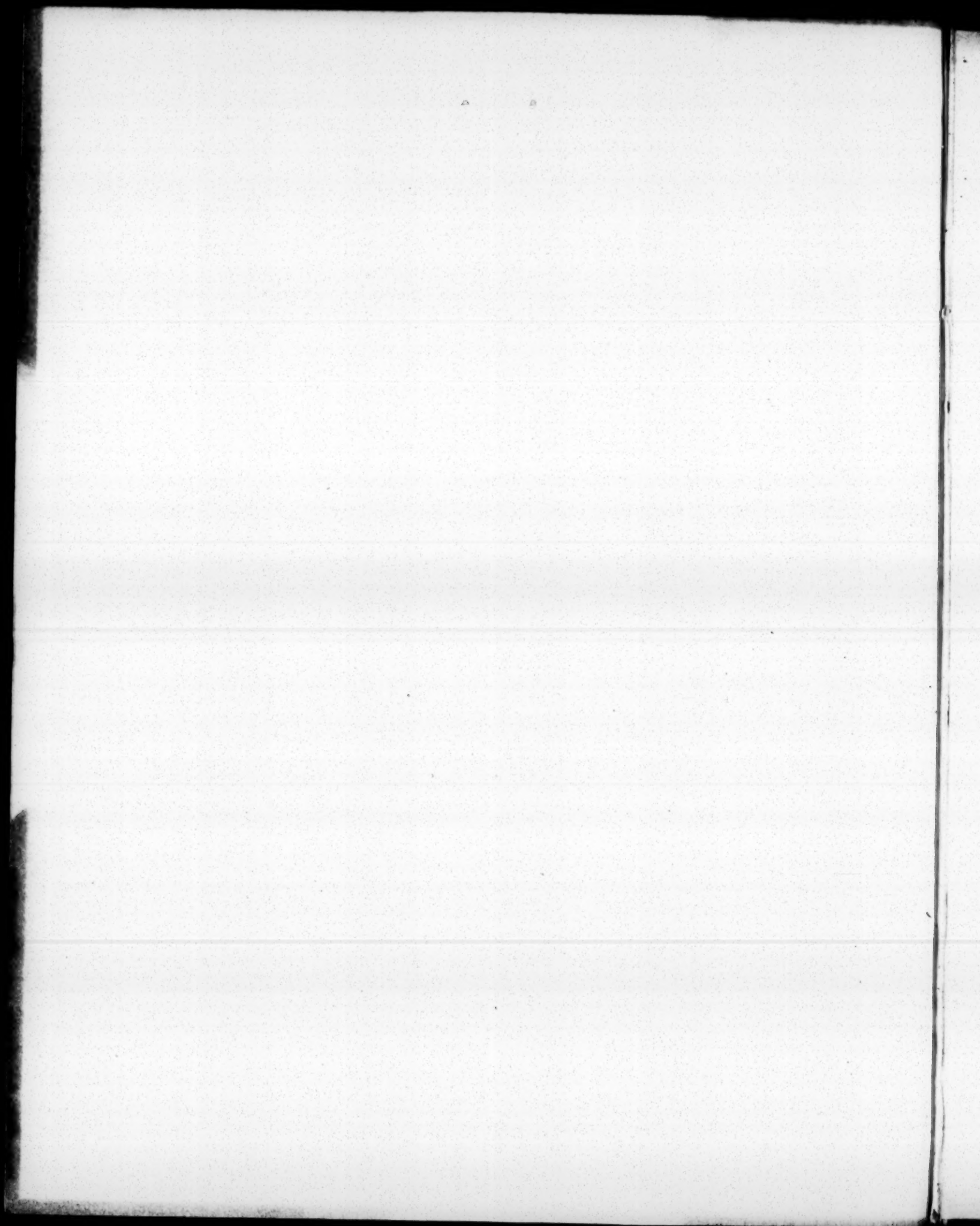
Which God preserve our Noble Queen,  
From perillous chance that hath been seen,  
And send her Subjects grace say I.  
To serve her Highnesse patiently.

God save the Queen.

○ Read, Wed. 4<sup>th</sup> Sep. 1793.









27/12/52